

THE  
S E R M O N S

*The History of Job, considered*  
OF

Mr. Y O R I C K.

V O L. IV.



A NEW EDITION.

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S E R M O N S

OF

MR. J. O. R. I. C. K.

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NEW EDITION

ALL THE VOLUMES

Printed by J. O. R. I. C. K. at the British Museum Press, London.

## S E R M O N XXII.

*The History of Jacob, considered.*

## GENESIS XLVII. 9.

*And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage, are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.—*

**T**HERE is not a man in history, whom I pity more than the man who made this reply—not because his days were short,—but that they were long enough to have crouded into them, so much evil as we find.

Of all the patriarchs, he was the most unhappy: for 'bating the seven years he served Laban for Rachael. "*which seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had to her,*"—strike those out of the number,—all his other days were sorrow; and that, not from his faults, but from the ambition, the violences and evil passions of others. A large portion of what man is born to, comes, you'll say, from the same quarter: 'tis true; but still in some men's lives, there seems a contexture of misery;—one evil so rises out of

another, and the whole plan and execution of the piece has so very melancholy an air, that a good natured man shall not be able to look upon it, but with tears on his cheeks.

I pity this patriarch still the more, because, from his first setting out in life, he had been led into an expectation of such different scenes: he was told, by Isaac his father, that *God should bless him with the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and with plenty of corn and wine;—that people were to serve him, and nations to bow down to him;—that he should be lord over his brethren;—that blessed was every one that blessed him, and cursed was every one who cursed him.*

The simplicity of youth takes promises of happiness in the fullest latitude,—and as these were moreover confirmed to him by the God of his fathers, on his way to Padan-aran,—it would leave no distrust of their accomplishment, upon his mind;—every fair and flattering object before him, which wore the face of joy, he would regard as a portion of his blessing;—he would pursue it—he would grasp a shadow.

This, by the way, makes it necessary to suppose, that the blessings which were conveyed, had a view to blessings not altogether such as a carnal mind would expect; but that they were in a great measure spiritual, and such as the prophetic soul of Isaac had principally before him, in the comprehensive idea of their future and

happy

happy establishment, when they were no longer to be strangers and pilgrims upon earth: for in fact, in the strict and literal sense of his father's grant,—Jacob enjoyed it not; and was so far from being a happy man, that in the most interesting passages of his life, he met with nothing but disappointments and grievous afflictions.

Let us accompany him from the first treacherous hour of a mother's ambition; in consequence of which, he is driven forth from his country, and the protection of his house, to seek protection and an establishment in the house of Laban his kinsman.

In what manner this answered his expectations, we find from his own pathetick remonstrance to Laban, when he had pursued him seven day's journey, and overtook him on mount Gilead.—I see him in the door of the tent, with the calm courage which innocence gives the oppressed, thus remonstrating to his father-in-law upon the cruelty of his treatment.

*These twenty years that I have been with thee,—the yews have not cast their young, and the rams of thy flock, have I not eaten. That which was torn of beasts, I brought not unto thee,—I bare the loss of it; what was stolen by day, or stolen by night, of my hands didst thou require it. Thus I was: in the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from my eyes. Thus have I been twenty years in thy house:*

*—I served thee fourteen years for thy two daughters, and six years for thy cattle; and thou hast changed my wages ten times.*

Scarce had he recovered from these evils, when the ill conduct and vices of his children, wound his soul to death.—Reuben proves incestuous,—Judah adulterous,——his daughter Dinah is dishonoured,—Simeon and Levi dishonour themselves by treachery,—two of his grandchildren are stricken with sudden death,—Rachael his beloved wife perishes, and in circumstances which embitter'd his loss,—his son Joseph, a most promising youth, is torn from him, by the envy of his brethren; and to close all, himself driven by famine in his old age to die amongst the Egyptians, a people who held it an abomination to eat bread with him. Unhappy patriarch! well might he say, *That few and evil had been his days*; the answer, indeed, was extended beyond the monarch's enquiry, which was simply his age;—but how could he look back upon the days of his pilgrimage, without thinking of the sorrows which those days had brought along with them? all that was more in the answer than in the demand, was the overflowings of a heart ready to bleed afresh at the recollection of what had befallen.

Unwillingly does the mind digest the evils prepared for it by others;—for those we prepare ourselves,—we eat but the fruit which we have planted and watered:— a shattered for-

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tute—a shattered frame, so we have but the satisfaction of shattering them ourselves, pass naturally enough into the habit, and by the ease with which they are both done, they save the spectator a world of pity: but for those like Jacob's, brought upon him by the hands from which he looked for all his comforts,—the avarice of a parent,—the unkindness of a relation,—the ingratitude of a child,—they are evils which leave a scar;—besides, as they hang over the heads of all, and therefore may fall upon any;—every looker on has an interest in the tragedy;—but then we are apt to interest ourselves no otherwise, than merely as the incidents themselves strike our passions, without carrying the lesson further:—in a word—we realize nothing:—we sigh—we wipe away the tear,—and there ends the story of misery, and the moral with it.

Let us try to do better with this. To begin, with the bad bias which gave the whole turn to the patriarch's life,—parental partiality—or parental injustice;—it matters not by what title it stands distinguished—'tis that, by which Rebekah planted a dagger in Esau's breast; and an eternal terror with it, in her own, lest she should live to be deprived of them, both in one day—and trust me, dear Christians, wherever that equal balance of kindness and love, which children look up to you for as their natural right, is no longer maintained—there will daggers

ever be planted; *the son shall literally be set at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law,—and a man's foes shall be they of his own household.*

It was an excellent ordinance, as well of domestic policy, as of equity, which Moses gave upon this head, in the 21st of Deuteronomy.

*If a man have two wives, one beloved and one hated, and they have born him children, both the beloved and the hated, and if the first born son be hers that was hated, then it shall be, when he maketh his sons to inherit that which he hath, that he may not make the son of the beloved, first born, before the son of the hated which is indeed the first born,—but he shall acknowledge the son of the hated for first born, by giving him a double portion of all that he hath.* The evil was well fenced against — for 'tis one of those which steals in upon the heart with the affections, and courts the parent under so sweet a form, that thousands have been betrayed by the very virtues which should have preserved them. Nature tells the parent, there can be no error on the side of affection;—but we forget, when Nature pleads for one, she pleads for every child alike—and, Why is not her voice to be heard? Solomon says, Oppression will make a wise man mad.—What will it do then, to a tender and ingenuous heart, which feels itself neglected,—too full of reverence for  
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the author of its wrongs to complain?—see, it sits down in silence, robbed by discouragements, of all its natural powers to please,—born to see others loaded with caresses—in some uncheary corner it nourishes it's discontent,—and with a weight upon it's spirits, which it's little stock of fortitude is not able to withstand,—it droops and pines away.—Sad Victim of Caprice!

We are unavoidably led here into a reflection upon Jacob's conduct in regard to his son Joseph, which no way corresponded with the lesson of wisdom, which the miseries of his own family might have taught him: surely his eyes had seen sorrows sufficient on that score, to have taken warning: and yet we find, that he fell into the same snare of partiality to that child in his old age, which his mother Rebekah had shewn to him, in hers,—*for Israel loved Joseph more than all his children; because he was the son of his old age, and he made him a coat of many colours.*—O Israel! Where was that prophetick spirit which darted itself into future times, and told each tribe what was to be its fate?—Where was it fled, that it could not aid thee to look so little a way forwards, as to behold *this coat of many colours*, stained with blood? Why were the tender emotions of a parent's anguish hid from thy eyes?—and, Why is every thing?—but that it pleases heaven to give us no more light in our way, than will leave virtue in possession of it's recompence.—

— Grant

—Grant me, gracious God! to go cheerfully on, the road which thou hast marked out;—I wish it neither more wide or more smooth:—continue the light of this dim taper thou hast put into my hands:—I will kneel upon the ground seven times a day, to seek the best track I can with it—and having done that, I will trust myself and the issue of my journey to thee, who art the fountain of joy,—and will sing songs of comfort as I go along.

Let us proceed to the second great occurrence in the patriarch's life.—The imposition of a wife upon him which he neither bargain'd for or loved.—*And it came to pass in the morning, behold it was Leah! and he said unto Laban, What is this that thou hast done unto me? Did I not serve thee for Rachel? Wherefore then hast thou beguiled me?*

This indeed is out of the system of all conjugal impositions now,—but the moral of it is still good; and the abuse with the same complaint of Jacob's upon it, will ever be repeated, so long as art and artifice are so busy as they are in these affairs.

Listen, I pray you, to the stories of the disappointed in marriage:—collect all their complaints:—hear their mutual reproaches; upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn?—“They were mistaken in the person.”—Some disguise either of body or mind is seen through in the first domestick scuffle;—some fair

ornament

ornament—perhaps the very one which won the heart,—*the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit*, falls off;—*It is not the Rachael for whom I have served,—Why hast thou then beguiled me?*

Be open—be honest: give yourself for what you are; conceal nothing—varnish nothing,—and if these fair weapons will not do,—better not conquer at all, than conquer for a day:—when the night is passed, 'twill ever be the same story,—*And it came to pass, behold it was Leah!*

If the heart beguiles itself in its choice, and imagination will give excellencies which are not the portion of flesh and blood:—when the dream is over, and we awake in the morning, it matters little whether 'tis Rachael or Leah,—be the object what it will, as it must be on the earthly side, at least, of perfection,—it will fall short of the work of fancy, whose existence is in the clouds.

In such cases of deception, let no man exclaim as Jacob does in his,—*What is it thou hast done unto me?*—for 'tis his own doings, and he has nothing to lay his fault on, but the heat and poetick indiscretion of his own passions.

I know not whether 'tis of any use, to take notice of this singularity in the patriarch's life, in regard to the wrong he received from Laban, which was the very wrong he had done before

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to his father Isaac, when the infirmities of old age, had disabled him from distinguishing one child from another: *Art thou my very son Esau?* and *he said, I am.* 'Tis doubtful whether Leah's veracity was put to the same test,—but both suffered from a similitude of stratagem; and 'tis hard to say, whether the anguish, from cross'd love, in the breast of one brother, might not be as sore a punishment, as the disquietudes of cross'd ambition and revenge in the breast of the other.

I do not see which way the honour of Providence is concerned in repaying us exactly in our own coin,—or, why a man should fall into that very pit, and no other, which he has *graven and digged for another man*: time and chance may bring such incidents about, and there wants nothing, but that Jacob should have been a bad man, to have made this a common-place text for such a doctrine.

It is enough for us, that the best way to escape evil, is, in general, not to commit it ourselves—and that whenever the passions of mankind will order it otherwise, to rob those, at least, *who love judgments*, of the triumph of finding it out,—*That our travail has returned upon our heads, and our violent dealings upon our own pates.*

I cannot conclude this discourse, without returning first to the part with which it set out;—the patriarch's account to the king of Egypt, of  
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the shortness and misery of his days:—give me leave to bring this home to us, by a single reflection upon each.

There is something strange in it that life should appear so short *in the gross*—and yet so long *in the detail*. Misery may make it so, you'll say—but we will exclude it,——and still you'll find, though we all complain of the shortness of life, what numbers there are who seem quite over-stocked with the days and hours of it, and are continually sending out into the high ways and streets of the city, to compel guests to come in, and take it off their hands: to do this with ingenuity and forecast, is not one of the least arts and business of life itself; and they who cannot succeed in it, carry as many marks of distress about them, as bankruptcy herself could wear. Be as careless as we may, we shall not always have the power,——nor shall we always be in a temper to let the account run thus. When the blood is cool'd, and the spirits, which have hurried us on through half our days, before we have numbered one of them, are beginning to retire;—then wisdom will press a moment to be heard,——afflictions or a bed of sickness will find their hours of persuasion—and, should they fail,——there is something yet behind,——old age will overtake us at the last, and with its trembling hand, hold up the glass to us, as it did unto the patriarch.——

—Dear

—Dear inconsiderate Christians!—wait not, I beseech you, till then;—take a view of your life now;—look back, behold this fair space capable of such heavenly improvements——all scrawl'd over and defaced with.—

—I want words to say, with what—for I think only of the reflections with which you are to support yourselves, in the decline of a life so miserably cast away, should it happen, as it often does; that ye have stood idle unto the eleventh hour, and have all the work of the day to perform when night comes on, and no one can work.

2dly. As to the evil of the days of the years of our pilgrimage—speculation and fact appear at variance again.—We agree with the patriarch, that the life of man is miserable; and yet the world looks happy enough—and every thing tolerably at its ease. It must be noted indeed, that the patriarch in this account, speaks merely his present feelings, and seems rather to be giving a history of his sufferings, than a system of them, in contradiction to that of the God of Love. Look upon the world he has given us,—observe the riches and plenty which flows in every channel, not only to satisfy the desires of the temperate,—but of the fanciful and wanton—every place is almost a paradise, planted when nature was in her gayest humour.

—Every thing has two views. Jacob, and Job, and Solomon, gave one section of the globe,—  
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and this representation another:—truth lieth betwixt—or rather, good and evil are mixed up together; which of the two preponderates, is beyond our enquiry;—but, I trust—it is the good:—first, As it renders the Creator of the world more dear and venerable to me; and secondly, Because I will not suppose, that a work intended to exalt his glory, should stand in want of apologies.

Whatever is the proportion of misery in this world, it is certain, that it can be no duty of religion to increase the complaint,—or to affect the praise which the Jesuit's college of Granado, gave of their *Sanchez*,—That though he lived where there was a very sweet garden, yet, was never seen to touch a flower; and that he would rather die than eat salt or pepper, or ought that might give a relish to his meat.

I pity the men whose natural pleasures are burthens, and who fly from joy, as these sple-netick and morose souls do, as if it was really an evil in itself.

If there is an evil in this world, 'tis sorrow and heaviness of heart.—The loss of goods,—of health,—of coronets and mitres, are only evil, as they occasion sorrow;—take that out—the rest is fancy, and dwelleth only in the head of man.

Poor unfortunate creature that he is! as if the causes of anguish in the heart were not enow—but he must fill up the measure, with those of

caprice; and not only walk in a vain shadow,—but disquiet himself in vain too.

We are a restless set of beings; and as we are likely to continue so to the end of the world, — the best we can do in it, is to make the same use of this part of our character, which wise men do of other bad propensities—when they find they cannot conquer them,—they endeavour, at least, to divert them into good channels,

If therefore we must be a solicitous race of self-tormentors,—let us drop the common objects which make us so,—and for God's sake be solicitous only to live well.

## S E R M O N XXIII.

### *The Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus considered.*

LUKE xiv. 31.

*And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, tho' one should rise from the dead.*

THESE words are the conclusion of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; the design of which was to shew us the necessity of con-

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ducting ourselves, by such lights as God had been pleased to give us: the sense and meaning of the patriarch's final determination in the text being this, That they who will not be persuaded to answer the great purposes of their being, upon such arguments as are offered to them in scripture, will never be persuaded to it by any other means, how extraordinary soever;—*If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one should rise from the dead*—

—Rise from the dead! To what purpose? What could such a messenger propose or urge, which had not been proposed and urged already? the novelty or surprize of such a visit might awaken the attention of a curious unthinking people, who spent their time in nothing else, but to hear and tell some new thing; but ere the wonder was well over, some new wonder would start up in its room, and then the man might return to the dead from whence he came, and not a soul make one enquiry about him.

—This, I fear, would be the conclusion of the affair. But to bring this matter still closer to us, let us imagine, if there is nothing unworthy in it, that God in compliance with a curious world,—or from a better motive,—in compassion to a sinful one, should vouchsafe to send one from the dead, to call home our conscience and make us better Christians, better citizens, better men, and better servants to God than what we are.

Now bear with me, I beseech you, in framing such an address, as I imagine, would be most likely to gain our attention, and conciliate the heart to what he had to say: the great channel to it, is Interest,—and there he would set out.

He might tell us, after the most indisputable credentials of whom he served, That he was come a messenger from the great God of Heaven, with reiterated proposals, whereby much was to be granted us on his side,—and something to be parted with on ours: but, that, not to alarm us,—’twas neither houses, nor land, nor possessions;—’twas neither wives, or children, or brethren, or sisters, which we had to forsake;—no one rational pleasure to be given up;—no natural endearment to be torn from—

—In a word, he would tell us, We had nothing to part with—but what was not for our interests to keep;—and that was our Vices; which brought death and misery to our doors.

He would go on, and prove it by a thousand arguments, that to be temperate and chaste, and just and peaceable, and charitable and kind to one another,—was only doing that for Christ’s sake, which was most for our own; and that were we in a capacity of capitulating with God upon what terms we would submit to his government,—he would convince us, ’twould be impossible for the wit of man, to frame any proposals more for our present interests, than *to lead an uncorrupted life—to do the thing which is lawful*

*lawful and right*, and lay such restraints upon our appetites as are for the honour of human nature, and the refinement of human happiness.

When this point was made out, and the alarms from Interest got over,—the spectre might address himself to the other passions—in doing this, he could but give us the most engaging ideas of the perfections of God;—or could he do more, than impress the most awful ones, of his majesty and power:—he might remind us, that we are creatures but of a day, hastening to the place from whence we shall not return;—that during our stay, we stood accountable to this Being, who though rich in mercies,—yet was terrible in his judgments;—that he took notice of all our actions;—that he was about our paths, and about our beds, and spied out all our ways; and was so pure in his nature, that he would punish even the wicked imaginations of the heart, and had appointed a day, wherein he would enter into this enquiry.——

He might add——  
But what?—with all the eloquence of an inspired tongue, What could he add or say to us, which has not been said before? The experiment has been tried a thousand times upon the hopes and fears, the reasons and passions of men, by all the powers of nature—the application of which have been so great, and the variety of addressees so unanswerable, that there is not a greater paradox in the world, than that so good

a religion should be no better recommended by its professors.

The fact is, mankind are not always in a humour to be convinced,—and so long as the pre-engagement with our passions subsists, it is not argumentation which can do the business;—we may amuse ourselves with the ceremony of the operation, but we reason not with the proper faculty, when we see every thing in the shape and colouring, in which the treachery of the senses paint it: and indeed, were we only to look into the world, and observe how inclinable men are to defend evil, as well as to commit it,—one would think, at first sight, they believed, that all discourses of religion and virtue were mere matters of speculation, for men to entertain some idle hours with; and conclude very naturally, that we seemed to be agreed in no one thing, but speaking well—and acting ill. But the truest comment is in the text,—*If they hear not Moses and the prophets, &c.*

If they are not brought over to the interests of religion upon such discoveries as God has made—or has enabled them to make, they will stand out against all evidence:—in vain shall one rise for their conviction;—was the earth to give up her dead—it would be the same;—every man would return again to his course, and the same bad passions would produce the same bad actions to the end of the world.

This is the principal lesson of the parable; but I must enlarge upon the whole of it—because it has some other useful lessons, and they will best present themselves to us as we go along.

In this parable; which is one of the most remarkable in the gospel, our Saviour represents a scene, in which, by a kind of contrast, two of the most opposite conditions that could be brought together from human life, are pass'd before our imaginations.

The one; a man exalted above the level of mankind, to the highest pinnacle of prosperity;—to riches—to happiness—I say, *happiness*,—in compliance with the world, and on a supposition, that the possession of riches must make us happy, when the very pursuit of them so warms our imagination, that we stake both body and soul upon the event, as if they were things not to be purchased at too dear a rate. They are the wages of wisdom,—as well as of folly. —Whatever was the case here, is beyond the purport of the parable—the scripture is silent; and so should we; it marks only his outward condition, by the common appendages of it, in the two great articles of Vanity and Appetite:—to gratify the one, he was cloathed in purple and fine linen: to satisfy the other,——fared sumptuously every day;—and upon every thing too—we'll suppose, that climates could furnish——that luxury could invent, or the hand of science could torture.

Cloſe by his gates is represented an object whom Providence might ſeem to have placed there, to cure the pride of man, and ſhew him to what wretchedneſs his condition might be brought: a creature in all the ſhipwreck of nature,—helpleſs,—undone,—in want of friends, in want of health,—and in want of every thing with them which his diſtreſſes called for.

In this ſtate he is deſcribed as deſiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; and though the caſe is not expreſſly put, that he was reſuſed, yet as the contrary is not affirmed in the hiſtorical part of the parable,—or pleaded after by the other, that he ſhewed mercy to the miſerable, we may conclude his requeſt was unſucceſſful—like too many others in the world, either ſo high lifted up in it, that they cannot look down diſtinctly enough upon the ſufferings of their fellow creatures,—or by long ſurfeiting in a continual courſe of banqueting and good cheer, they forget there is ſuch a diſtemper as hunger, in the catalogue of human infirmities.

Overcharged with this, and perhaps a thouſand unpitied wants in a pilgrimage through an inhospitable world, the poor man ſinks ſilently under his burden.—But good God! whence is this? Why doeſt thou ſuffer theſe hardſhips in a world which thou haſt made? Is it for thy honour, that one man ſhould eat the bread of fulneſs, and ſo many of his own ſtock and lineage eat

eat the bread of sorrow?—That this man should go clad in purple, and have all his paths strewed with rose-buds of delight, whilst so many mournful passengers go heavily along, and pass by his gates, hanging down their heads? Is it for thy Glory, O God! that so large a shade of misery should be spread across thy works?—or, Is it that we see but a part of them? When the great chain at length is let down, and all that has held the two worlds in harmony is seen;—when the dawn of that day approaches, in which all the distressful incidents of this Drama shall be unravel'd;—when every man's case shall be reconsidered,—then wilt thou be fully justified in all thy ways, and every mouth shall be stopped:

After a long day of mercy, mispent in riot and uncharitableness, the rich man *died also*:—the parable adds,—and was buried;—Buried no doubt in triumph, with all the ill timed pride of funerals, and empty decorations, which worldly folly is apt to prostitute upon those occasions.

But this was the last vain show; the utter conclusion of all his epicurean grandeur;—the next is a scene of horror, where he is represented by our Saviour, in a state of the utmost misery, from whence he is supposed to lift up his eyes towards heaven, and cry to the patriarch Abraham for mercy.

*And*

*And Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things.—*

—That he had received his good things,—  
 'twas from heaven,—and could be no reproach:  
 with what severity soever the scripture speaks  
 against riches, it does not appear, that the living  
 or faring sumptuously every day, was the crime  
 objected to the rich man; or that it is a real  
 part of a vicious character: the case might be  
 then, as now: his quality and station in the  
 world might be supposed to be such, as not only  
 to have justified his doing this, but, in general,  
 to have required it without any imputation of  
 doing wrong; for differences of stations there  
 must be in the world, which must be supported  
 by such marks of distinction as custom imposes.  
 The exceeding great plenty and magnificence, in  
 which Solomon is described to have lived, who  
 had ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the  
 pastures, and a hundred sheep, besides harts,  
 and roebucks, and fallow deer, and fatted fowl,  
 with thirty measures of fine flower, and three  
 score measures of meal, for the daily provision of  
 his table;—all this is not laid to him as a sin, but  
 rather remarked as an instance of God's blessing  
 to him;—and whenever these things are other-  
 wise, 'tis from a wastful and dishonest perversion  
 of them to pernicious ends,—and oft times, to  
 the very opposite ones for which they were  
 granted,—to glad the heart, to open it, and  
 render it more kind.—

And

And this seems to have been the snare the rich man had fallen into—and possibly, had he fared less sumptuously,—he might have had more cool hours for reflection, and been better disposed to have conceived an idea of want, and to have felt compassion for it.

*And Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things.*—Remember! sad subject of recollection! that a man has passed through this world with all the blessings and advantages of it, on his side,—favoured by God Almighty with riches,—befriended by his fellow creatures in the means of acquiring them,—assisted every hour by the society of which he is a member, in the enjoyment of them—to remember, how much he has received,—how little he has bestowed,—that he has been no man's friend,—no one's protector,—no one's benefactor,—blessed God!—

Thus begging in vain for himself, he is represented at last as interceding for his brethren, that Lazarus might be sent to them to give them warning, and save them from the ruin which he had fallen into;—*They have Moses and the prophets,* was the answer of the patriarch,—*let them hear them;* but the unhappy man is represented, as discontented with it; and still persisting in his request, and urging,—*Nay, father Abraham, but if one went from the dead, they would repent.*

—He

—He thought so—but Abraham knew otherwise:— and the grounds of the determination, I have explained already,—— so shall proceed to draw some other conclusions and lessons from the parable.

And first, our Saviour might further intend to discover to us by it, the dangers to which great riches naturally expose mankind, agreeably to what is elsewhere declared, how hardly shall they who have them, enter into the kingdom of heaven.

The truth is, they are often too dangerous a blessing for God to trust us with, or we to manage: they surround us at all times with ease, with nonsense, with flattery, and false friends, with which thousands and ten thousands have perished:—they are apt to multiply our faults, and treacherously to conceal them from us;—they hourly administer to our temptations;—and neither allow us time to examine our faults, or humility to repent of them:—nay, what is strange, do they not often tempt men even to covetousness; and tho' amidst all the ill offices which riches do us, one would last suspect this vice, but rather think the one a cure for the other; yet so it is, that many a man contracts his spirits upon the enlargement of his fortune, and is the more empty for being full.

But there is less need to preach against this: we seem all to be hastening to the opposite extreme of luxury and expence: we generally

content ourselves with the solution of it; and say, 'Tis a natural consequence of trade and riches—and there it ends.

By the way, I affirm, there is a mistake in the account; and that it is not riches which are the cause of luxury,—but the corrupt calculation of the world, in making riches the balance for honour, for virtue, and for every thing that is great and good, which goads so many thousands on with an affectation of possessing more than they have,—and consequently of engaging in a system of expences they cannot support.

In one word, 'tis the necessity of *appearing* to be somebody, in order to be so—which ruins the world.

This leads us to another lesson in the parable, concerning the true use and application of riches; we may be sure from the treatment of the rich man, that he did not employ those talents as God intended.

How God did intend them,—may as well be known from an appeal to your own hearts, and the inscription you shall read there,—as from any chapter and verse I might cite upon the subject. Let us then for a moment, my dear auditors! turn our eyes that way, and consider the traces which even the most insensible man may have proof of, from what he may perceive springing up within him from some casual act of generosity; and though this is a pleasure which properly belongs to the good, yet let him try the  
 experi-

experiment;—let him comfort the captive, or cover the naked with a garment, and he will feel what is meant by that moral delight arising in the mind from the conscience of a humane action.

But to know it right, we must call upon the compassionate;—Cruelty gives evidence unwillingly, and feels the pleasure but imperfectly; for this, like all other pleasures, is of a relative nature, and consequently the enjoyment of it, requires some qualification in the faculty, as much as the enjoyment of any other good does:—there must be something antecedent in the disposition and temper which will render that good,—a good to that individual; otherwise, though 'tis true it may be possessed,—yet it never can be enjoyed.

Consider how difficult you would find it to convince a miserly heart, that any thing is good, which is not profitable? or a libertine one, that any thing is bad, which is pleasant?

Preach to a voluptuary, who has modell'd both mind and body to no other happiness, but good eating and drinking,—bid him *taste and see how good God is*:—there is not an invitation in all nature would confound him like it.

In a word, a man's mind must be like your proposition before it can be relished; and 'tis the resemblance between them, which brings over his judgment, and makes him an evidence on your side.

'Tis

'Tis therefore not to the cruel,—'tis to the merciful;—to those who rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with them that weep,—that we make this appeal:—'tis to the generous, the kind, the humane, that I am now to tell the sad (\*) story of the fatherless, and of him who hath no helper, and bespeak your alms-giving in behalf of those, who know not how to ask for it themselves.

—What can I say more?—it is a subject on which I cannot inform your judgment,—and in such an audience, I would not presume to practise upon your passions: let it suffice to say, that they whom God hath blessed with the means,—and for whom he has done more, in blessing them likewise with a disposition; have abundant reason to be thankful to him, as the author of every good gift, for the measure he has bestowed to them of both: 'tis the refuge against the stormy wind and tempest, which he has planted in our hearts; and the constant fluctuation of every thing in this world, force all the sons and daughters of Adam to seek shelter under it by turns. Guard it by entails and settlements as we will, the most affluent plenty may be stripp'd, and find all its worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from us;—the crowns of princes may be shaken; and the greatest that ever awed the world, have looked back and moralized upon the turn of the wheel.

That

(\*) Charity Sermon at St. Andrew's, Holborn.

That which has happened to one, — may happen to every man; and therefore, that excellent rule of our Saviour, in acts of benevolence, as well as every thing else, should govern us; — *That whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them.*

Hast thou ever laid upon the bed of languishing, or laboured under a distemper which threatened thy life? Call to mind thy sorrowful and pensive spirit at that time, and say, What it was that made the thoughts of death so bitter: — if thou had'st children, — I affirm it, the bitterness of death lay there; — if unbrought up, and unprovided for, What will become of them? Where will they find a friend when I am gone, who will stand up for them and plead their cause against the wicked?

— Blessed God! to thee, who art a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, — I entrust them.

Hast thou ever sustained any considerable shock in thy fortune? or, Has the scantiness of thy condition hurried thee into great straits, and brought thee almost to distraction? Consider what was it that spread a table in that wilderness of thought, — who made thy cup to overflow? Was it not a friend of consolation who stepped in, — saw thee embarrassed with tender pledges of thy love, and the partner of thy cares, — took them under his protection? — Heaven! thou wilt reward him for it! — and freed

freed thee from all the terrifying apprehensions  
of a parent's love.

Haft thou——

—But how shall I ask a question which must  
bring tears into so many eyes?—Haft thou ever  
been wounded in a more affecting manner still,  
by the loss of a most obliging friend,—or been  
torn away from the embraces of a dear and pro-  
mising child by the stroke of death?—bitter re-  
membrance! nature droops at it—but nature is  
the same in all conditions and lots of life.—A  
child thrust forth in an evil hour, without food,  
without raiment, bereft of instruction, and the  
means of its salvation, is a subject of more tender  
heart-aches, and will awaken every power of  
nature:—as we have felt for ourselves,—let us  
feel for Christ's sake—let us feel for theirs: and  
may the God of all comfort bless you. Amen.

## S E R M O N XXIV.

*Pride.*

LUKE XIV. 10, II.

*But thou, when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room, that when he that had thee cometh, he may say to thee, Friend, go up higher, then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them who sit at meat with thee: for whosoever exalteth himself, shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted.*

**I**T is an exhortation of our Saviour's to Humility, addressed by way of inference from what he had said in the three foregoing verses of the chapter; where, upon entering into the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread, and marking how small a portion of this necessary virtue entered in with the several guests, discovering itself from their choosing the chief rooms, and most distinguished places of honour; he takes the occasion which such a behaviour offered, to caution them against Pride;—states the inconvenience of the passion;—shews the disappointments which attend it;—the disgrace in which it generally ends; in being forced at  
last,

last, to recede from the pretensions to what is more than our due; which, by the way, is the very thing the passion is eternally prompting us to expect. When, therefore, thou art bidden to a wedding, says our Saviour, sit not down in the highest room, lest a more honourable man than thou be bidden of him; and he that had thee and him, come and say to thee,—Give this man place: and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room.

—But thou, when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room:—hard lecture!—In the lowest room?—What,—do I owe nothing to myself? Must I forget my station, my character in life? Resign the precedence which my birth, my fortune, my talents, have already placed me in possession of?—give all up! and suffer inferiors to take my honour? Yes;—for that, says our Saviour, is the road to it: *For when he that had thee cometh, he will say to thee, Friend, go up higher; then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them who sit at meat with thee:—for whosoever exalteth himself, shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted.*

To make good the truth of which declaration, it is not necessary we should look beyond this life, and say, That in that day of retribution, wherein every high thing shall be brought low, and every irregular passion dealt with as it deserves;—that pride, amongst the rest, con-

sidered as a vicious character, shall meet with it's proper punishment of being abased, and lying down for ever in shame and dishonour.—It is not necessary we should look so far forwards for the accomplishment of this: the words seem not so much to imply the threat of a distant punishment, the execution of which was to be respited to that day;—as the declaration of a plain truth depending upon the natural course of things, and evidently verified in every hour's commerce of the world; from whence, as well as from our reasoning upon the point, it is found, That Pride lays us open to so many mortifying encounters, which Humility in its own nature rests secure from,—that verily, each of them, in this world, have their reward faithfully dealt out by the natural workings of men's passions; which, though very bad executioners in general, yet are so far just ones in this, that they seldom suffer the exultations of an insolent temper to escape the abasement, or the deportment of a humble one to fail of the honour, which each of their characters do deserve.

In other vicious excesses which a man commits, the world, though it is not much to its credit, seems to stand pretty neuter: if you are extravagant or intemperate, you are looked upon as the greatest enemy to yourself,—or if an enemy to the public,—at least, you are so remote a one to each individual, that no one feels himself immediately concerned in your punishment:

ment: but in the instances of pride, the attack is personal: for as this passion can only take its rise from a secret comparison, which the party has been making of himself to my disadvantage, every intimation he gives me of what he thinks of the matter, is so far a direct injury, either as it with-holds the respect which is my due,—or perhaps denies me to have any; or else, which presses equally hard, as it puts me in mind of the defects which I really have, and of which I am truly conscious, and consequently think myself the less deserving of an admonition: in every one of which cases, the proud man, in whatever language he speaks it,—if it is expressive of this superiority over me, either in the gifts of fortune, the advantages of birth or improvements, as it has proceeded from a mean estimation and possibly a very unfair one of the like pretensions in myself,—the attack, I say, is personal; and has generally the fate to be felt and resented as such.

So that with regard to the present inconveniences, there is scarce any vice, bating such as are immediately punished by laws, which a man may not indulge with more safety to himself, than this one of pride;—the humblest of men, not being so entirely void of the passion themselves, but that they suffer so much from the overflowings of it in others, as to make the literal accomplishment of the text, a common interest and concern: in which they are gene-

rally successful,—the nature of the vice being such, as not only to tempt you to it, but to afford the occasions itself of its own humiliation.

The proud man,—see!—he is sore all over; touch him—you put him to pain: and though of all others, he acts as if every mortal was void of all sense and feeling, yet is possessed with so nice and exquisite a one himself, that the slights, the little neglects and instances of disesteem, which would be scarce felt by another man, are perpetually wounding him, and oft times piercing him to his very heart.

I would not therefore be a proud man, was it only for this, that it should not be in the power of every one who thought fit—to chastise me;—my other infirmities, however unworthy of me, at least will not incommode me;—so little discountenance do I see given to them, that it is not the world's fault, if I suffer by them:—but here—if I exalt myself, I have no prospect of escaping;—with this vice I stand swoln up in every body's way, and must unavoidably be thrust back: which ever way I turn, whatever step I take under the direction of this passion, I press unkindly upon some one, and in return, must prepare myself for such mortifying repulses, as will bring me down, and make me go on my way forrowing.

This is from the nature of things, and the experience of life as far back as Solomon, whose observation upon it was the same,—and it will  
ever

ever hold good, *that before honour was humility, and a haughty spirit before a fall.—Put not therefore thyself forth in the presence of the king, and stand not in the place of great men:—for better is it—* which by the way is the very dissuative in the text, *—better is it, that it be said unto thee, Friend, come up higher, than that thou shouldest be put lower in the presence of the prince whom thine eyes have seen.*

Thus much for the illustration of this one argument of our Saviour's, against Pride:—there are many other considerations which expose the weakness of it, which his knowledge of the heart of man might have suggested; but as the particular occasion which gave rise to this lecture of our Saviour's against pride, naturally led him to speak of the mortifications which attend such instances of it, as he then beheld:—for this reason the other arguments might be omitted, which perhaps in a set discourse would be doing injustice to the subject. I shall therefore, in the remaining part of this, beg leave to offer some other considerations of a moral as well as a religious nature upon this subject, as so many inducements to check this weak passion in man; which, though one of the most inconvenient of his infirmities, —the most painful and discourteous to society, yet by a sad fatality, so it is, that there are few vices, except such whose temptations are immediately seated in our natures, to which

there is so general a propensity throughout the whole race.

This had led some satirical pens to write, That all mankind at the bottom were proud alike; —that one man differed from another, not so much in the different portions which he possessed of it, as in the different art and address by which he excells in the management and disguise of it to the world; we trample, no doubt too often, upon the pride of Plato's mantle, with as great a pride of our own; yet on the whole the remark has more spleen than truth in it; there being thousands, if any evidence is to be allowed, of the most unaffected humility, and truest poverty of spirit, which actions can give proof of. Notwithstanding this, so much may be allowed to the observation, That Pride is a vice which grows up in society so insensibly; —steals in unobserved upon the heart upon so many occasions; —forms itself upon such strange pretensions, and when it has done, veils itself under such a variety of unsuspected appearances, —sometimes even under that of Humility itself; —in all which cases, Self-love, like a false friend, instead of checking, most treacherously feeds this humour, —points out some excellence in every soul to make him vain, and think more highly of himself, than he ought to think; —that upon the whole, there is no one weakness into which the heart of man is more easily betray'd, —or which requires greater helps of good sense and good principles to guard against.

And

And first, the root from which it springs, is no inconsiderable discredit to the fruit.

If you look into the best moral writers, who have taken pains to search into the grounds of this passion,—they will tell you, That Pride is the vice of little and contracted souls;—that whatever affectation of greatness it generally wears and carries in the looks, there is always meanness in the heart of it:—a haughty and an abject temper, I believe, are much nearer a kin than they will acknowledge;—like *poor* relations, they look a little shy at one another at first sight, but trace back their pedigree, they are but collateral branches from the same stem; and there is scarce any one who has not seen many such instances of it, as one of our poets alludes to, in that admirable stroke he has given of this affinity, in his description of a *Pride which licks the dust*.

As it has *meanness* at the bottom of it,—so it is justly charged with having *weakness* there too, of which it gives the strongest proof, in regard to the chief end it has in view; and the absurd means it takes to bring it about.

Consider a moment,—What is it the proud man aims at?—Why,—such a measure of respect and deference, as is due to his superior merit, &c. &c.

Now, good sense and a knowledge of the world shew us, that how much soever of these are due to a man, allowing he has made a right calculation,

tion,—they are still dues of such a nature, that they are not to be insisted upon: Honour and Respect must be a *Free-will offering*: treat them otherwise, and claim them from the world as a tax,—they are sure to be withheld; the first discovery of such an expectation disappoints it, and prejudices your title to it for ever.

To this speculative argument of it's weakness, it has generally the ill fate to add another of a more substantial nature, which is matter of fact; that to turn giddy upon every little exaltation, is experienced to be no less a mark of a *weak brain*, in the figurative, than it is in the literal sense of the expression—in sober truth, 'tis but a scurvy kind of a trick, *quoties voluit Fortuna jocari*,—when Fortune in one of her merry moods, takes a poor devil with this passion in his head, and mounts him up all at once as high as she can get him—for it is sure to make him play such phantastick tricks, as to become the very fool of the comedy; and was he not a general benefactor to the world in making it merry, I know not how Spleen could be pacified during the representation.

A third argument against Pride is the natural connection it has with vices of an unsocial aspect: the Scripture seldom introduces it alone—Anger, or Strife, or Revenge, or some inimical passion, is ever upon the stage with it; the proofs and reasons of which I have not time to enlarge on, and therefore shall say no more upon this argument

ment than this,—that was there no other,—yet the bad company this vice is generally found in, would be sufficient by itself to engage a man to avoid it.

Thus much for the moral considerations upon this subject; a great part of which, as they illustrate chiefly the inconveniencies of Pride in a social light, may seem to have a greater tendency to make men guard the appearances of it, than conquer the passion itself, and root it out of their nature: to do this effectually we must add the arguments of religion, without which, the best moral discourse may prove little better than a cold political lecture, taught merely to govern the passion so, as not to be injurious to a man's present interest or quiet; all which a man may learn to practise well enough, and yet at the same time be a perfect stranger to the best part of humility, which implies not a concealment of Pride, but an absolute conquest over the first risings of it which are felt in the heart of man.

And first, one of the most persuasive arguments which religion offers to this end, is that which arises from the state and condition of ourselves, both as to our natural and moral imperfections. It is impossible to reflect a moment upon this hint, but with a heart full of the humble exclamation, *O God! what is man!—even a thing of nought*—a poor, infirm, miserable, short-lived creature, that passes away like a shadow, and is hastening off the stage where  
the

the theatrical titles and distinctions, and the whole mask of Pride which he has worn for a day will fall off, and leave him naked as a neglected slave. Send forth your imagination, I beseech you, to view the last scene of the greatest and proudest who ever awed and governed the world—see the empty vapour disappearing! one of the arrows of mortality this moment sticks fast within him: see—it forces out his life, and freezes his blood and spirits.

—Approach his bed of state—lift up the curtain—regard a moment with silence——

—are these cold hands and pale lips, all that is left of him who was canoniz'd by his own pride, or made a god of, by his flatterers?

O my soul! with what dreams hast thou been bewitched? how hast thou been deluded by the objects thou hast so eagerly grasped at?

If this reflection from the natural imperfection of man, which he cannot remedy, does nevertheless strike a damp upon human Pride, much more must the considerations do so, which arise from the wilful depravations of his nature.

Survey yourselves, my dear Christians, a few moments in this light—behold a disobedient, ungrateful, intractable and disorderly set of creatures, going wrong seven times in a day,——acting sometimes every hour of it against your own convictions—your own interests, and the intentions of your God, who wills and proposes nothing but your happiness and prosperity——

what

what reason does this view furnish you for Pride? how many does it suggest to mortify and make you ashamed?—well might the son of Syrach say in that sarcastical remark of his upon it, *That Pride was not made for man*—for some purposes, and for some particular beings, the passion might have been shaped—but not for him—fancy it where you will, 'tis no where so improper—'tis in no creature so unbecoming—

—But why so cold an assent, to so incontestable a truth?—Perhaps thou hast reasons to be proud:—for heaven's sake, let us hear them—Thou hast the advantages of birth and title to boast of— or thou standest in the sunshine of court favour— or thou hast a large fortune— or great talents— or much learning— or nature has bestowed her graces upon thy person— speak— on which of these foundations hast thou raised this fanciful structure?— Let us examine them.

Thou art well born;— then trust me, 'twill pollute no one drop of thy blood to be humble: humility calls no man down from his rank;— divests not princes of their titles; it is in life what the *clear-obscure* is in painting; it makes the hero step forth in the canvas, and detaches his figure from the group in which he would otherwise stand confounded for ever.

If thou art rich— then shew the greatness of thy fortune, — or what is better, the greatness of thy soul in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, — support the distressed,

distressed, and patronize the neglected.—— Be great; but let it be in considering riches as they are; as *talents committed to an earthen vessel* — That thou art but the *receiver*, — and that to be obliged and be vain too, — is but the old solecism of pride and beggary, which, though they often meet, — yet ever make but an absurd society.

If thou art powerful in interest, and standest deified by a servile tribe of dependents, — why shouldst thou be proud, — because they are hungry? — Scourge me such sycophants; they have turned the heads of thousands as well as thine.

—— But 'tis thy own dexterity and strength which have gained thee this eminence: — allow it; but art thou proud, that thou standest in a place where thou art the mark of one man's envy, another man's malice, or a third man's revenge, — where good men may be ready to suspect thee, and whence bad men will be ready to pull thee down. I would be proud of nothing that is uncertain: Haman was so, because he was admitted alone to queen Esther's banquet; and the distinction raised him, — but it was fifty cubits higher than he ever dream'd or thought of.

Let us pass on to the pretences of learning, &c. &c. If thou hast a little, thou wilt be proud of it in course: if thou hast much, and good sense along with it, there will be no reason to dispute against the passion: a beggarly  
parade

parade of remnants is but a sorry object of Pride at the best;—but more so, when we can cry out upon it, as the poor man did of his hatchet, — *Alas! Master, — for it was borrowed.*

It is treason to say the same of Beauty, — whatever we do of the arts and ornaments with which Pride is wont to set it off: the weakest minds are most caught with both; being ever glad to win attention and credit from small and slender accidents, through disability of purchasing them by better means. In truth, Beauty has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, — when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the art and wisdom of the great Creator, — something may be allowed it, — and something to the embellishments which set it off; — and yet, when the whole apology is read, — it will be found at last, that Beauty like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

Simplicity is the great friend to nature, and if I would be proud of any thing in this silly world, it should be of this honest alliance.

Consider what has been said; and may the God of all mercies and kindness watch over your passions, and inspire you *with all humbleness of mind, meekness, patience, and long suffering.* — Amen.

SERMON

## S E R M O N XXV.

*Humility.*

MATTHEW XI. 29.

*Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart;  
and ye shall find rest unto your souls.*

**T**HE great business of man, is the regulation of his spirit; the possession of such a frame and temper of mind, as will lead us peaceably through this world, and in the many weary stages of it, afford us, what we shall be sure to stand in need of,—*Rest unto our souls.*—

—*Rest unto our souls!*—'tis all we want—the end of all our wishes and pursuits: give us a prospect of this, we take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth to have it in possession: we seek for it in titles, in riches and pleasures,—climb up after it by ambition,—come down again and stoop for it by avarice,—try all extremes; still we are gone out of the way, nor is it, till after many miserable experiments, that we are convinced at last, we have been seeking every where for it, but where there was a prospect of finding it;

it; and that is, within ourselves, in a meek and lowly disposition of heart. This, and this only, will give us rest unto our souls:—rest, from those turbulent and haughty passions which disturb our quiet;—rest, from the provocations and disappointments of the world, and a train of untold evils too long to be recounted, against all which this frame and preparation of mind is the best protection.

I beg you will go along with me in this argument. Consider how great a share of the uneasinesses which take up and torment our thoughts, owe their rise to nothing else, but the dispositions of mind which are opposite to this character.

With regard to the provocations and offences, which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world,—take it as a rule,—as a man's pride is,—so is always his displeasure;—as the opinion of himself rises,—so does the injury,—so does his resentment: 'tis this which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him,—and excites that heat in the wound, which renders it incurable.

See how different the case is, with the humble man: one half of these painful conflicts he actually escapes; the other part fall lightly on him:—he provokes no man by contempt; thrusts himself forward as the mark of no man's envy; so that he cuts off the first fretful occasions of the greatest part of these evils; and for those in which the passions of others would involve him,

like the humble shrub in the valley, gently gives way, and scarce feels the injury of those stormy encounters which rend the proud cedar, and tear it up by it's roots.

If you consider it, with regard to the many disappointments of this life, which arise from the hopes of bettering our condition, and advancing in the world,—the reasoning is the same.

What we expect—is ever in proportion to the estimate made of ourselves; when pride and self-love have brought us in their account of this matter,—we find, that we are worthy of all honours—fit for all places and employments:—as our expectations rise and multiply, so must our disappointments with them; and there needs nothing more, to lay the foundation of our unhappiness, and both to make and keep us miserable. And in truth there is nothing so common in life, as to see thousands, whom you would say, had all the reason in the world to be at rest, so torn up and disquieted with sorrows of this class, and so incessantly tortured with the disappointments which their pride and passions have created for them, that though they appear to have all the ingredients of happiness in their hands,——they can neither compound or use them:—How should they? the goad is ever in their sides, and so hurries them on from one expectation to another, as to leave them no rest day or night.

Humility

Humility therefore, recommends itself as a security against these heart-aches, which though ridiculous sometimes in the eye of the beholder, yet are serious enough to the man who suffers them; and I believe would make no inconsiderable account in a true catalogue of the disquietudes of mortal man: against these, I say, Humility is the best defence.

He that is little in his own eyes, is little too in his desires, and consequently moderate in his pursuit of them: like another man, he may fail in his attempts and lose the point he aimed at,—but that is all,—he loses not himself,—he loses not his happiness and peace of mind with it,—even the contentions of the humble man are mild and placid.—Blessed character! when such a one is thrust back, who does not pity him?—when he falls, who would not stretch out a hand to raise him up?

And here, I cannot help stopping in the midst of this argument, to make a short observation, which is this. When we reflect upon the character of Humility,—we are apt to think it stands the most naked and defenceless of all virtues whatever,—the least able to support its claims against the insolent antagonist who seems ready to bear him down, and all opposition which such a temper can make.

Now, if we consider him as standing alone,—no doubt, in such a case he will be overpowered and trampled upon by his opposer;—but if we

consider the meek and lowly man, as he is—fenced and guarded by the love, the friendship and wishes of all mankind,—that the other stands alone, hated, discountenanced, without one true friend or hearty well wisher on his side;—when this is balanced, we shall have reason to change our opinion, and be convinced that the humble man, strengthened with such an alliance, is far from being so overmatched as at first sight he may appear;—nay I believe one might venture to go further and engage for it, that in all such cases, where real fortitude and true personal courage were wanted, he is much more likely to give proof of it, and I would sooner look for it in such a temper than in that of his adversary. Pride may make a man violent,—but Humility will make him firm:—and which of the two, do you think, likely to come off with honour?—he, who acts from the changeable impulse of heated blood, and follows the uncertain motions of his pride and fury,—or the man who stands cool and collected in himself; who governs his resentments, instead of being governed by them, and on every occasion acts upon the steady motives of principle and duty.

But this by the way;—though in truth it falls in with the main argument; for if the observation is just, and Humility has the advantages where we should least expect them, the argument rises higher in behalf of those which are  
more

more apparently on it's side.—In all which, if the humble man finds, what the proud man must never hope for in this world,—that is *rest to his soul*,—so does he likewise meet with it from the influence such a temper has upon his condition under the evils of his life, not as chargeable upon the vices of men, but as the portion of his inheritance by the appointment of God. For if, as Job says, we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards, surely it is he who thinks the greatest of these troubles below his sins,—and the smallest favours above his merit, that is likely to suffer the least from the one, and enjoy the most from the other: 'tis he who possesses his soul in meekness, and keeps it subjected to all the issues of fortune; that is the farthest out of their reach.—No.—He blames not the sun, though it does not ripen his vine, nor blusters at the winds, though they bring him no profit.—If the fountain of the humble man rises not as high as he could wish,—he thinks however, that it rises as high as it ought, and as the laws of nature still do their duty, that he has no cause to complain against them.

If disappointed of riches—he knows the providence of God is not his debtor; that though he has received less than others, yet as he thinks himself less than the least, he has reason to be thankful.

—If the world goes untoward with the humble man, in other respects,—he knows a truth

which the proud man does never acknowledge, and that is, that the world was not made for him; and therefore how little share soever he has of its advantages, he sees an argument of content, in reflecting how little it is, that a compound of sin, of ignorance, and frailty, has grounds to expect.

A soul thus turned and resigned, is carried smoothly down the stream of providence; no temptations in his passage disquiet him with desire,—no dangers alarm him with fear: though open to all the changes and chances of others,—yet by seeing the justice of what happens,—and humbly giving way to the blow,—though he is smitten, he is not smitten like other men, or feels the smart which they do.

Thus much for the doctrine of Humility; let us now look towards the example of it.

It is observed by some one, that as pride was the passion through which sin and misery entered into the world, and gave our enemy the triumph of ruining our nature, that therefore the Son of God, who came to seek and to save that which was lost, when he entered upon the work of our restoration, he began at the very point where he knew we had failed; and this he did, by endeavouring to bring the soul of man back to it's original temper of Humility: so that his first publick address from the Mount began with a declaration of blessedness to the poor in spirit,—and almost his last exhortation in the text, was

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to copy the fair original he had set before them of this virtue, and *to learn of him to be meek and lowly in heart.*

It is the most unanswerable appeal that can be made to the heart of man,—and so persuasive and accommodated to all Christians, that as much pride as there is still in the world, it is not credible but that every believer must receive some tincture of the character or bias towards it from the example of so great, and yet so humble a Master, whose whole course of life was a particular lecture to this one virtue; and in every instance of it shewed, that he came not to share the pride and glories of life, or swell the hopes of ambitious followers, but to cast a damp upon them for ever, by appearing himself rather as a servant than a master,—coming, as he continually declared, not to be ministered unto, but to minister; and as the Prophet had foretold in that mournful description of him,—to have no form, or comeliness, nor any beauty that they should desire him. The voluntary meanness of his birth,—the poverty of his life,—the low offices in which it was engaged, in preaching the Gospel to the poor,—the inconveniences which attended the execution of it, in having no where to lay his head,—all spoke the same language;—that the God of truth should submit to the suspicion of an imposture:—his humble deportment under that, and a thousand provocations of a thankless people, still raises this character higher;—and

what exalts it to its highest pitch;—the tender and pathetick proof he gave of the same disposition at the conclusion and great catastrophe of his suffering;—when a life full of so many instances of humility was crowned with the most endearing one of *humbling himself even to the death of the cross*;—the death of a slave;—a malefactor;—drag'd to *Calvary* without opposition;—insulted without complaint.

—Blessed Jesus! how can the man who calls upon thy name, but learn of thee to be meek and lowly in heart?—how can he but profit when such a lesson was seconded—by such an example?

If Humility shines so bright in the Character of Christ, so does it in that of his religion; the true spirit of which tends all the same way.—Christianity, when rightly explained and practised, is all meekness and candour, and love and courtesy: and there is no one passion our Saviour rebukes so often, or with so much sharpness, as that one, which is subversive of these kind effects,—and that is pride, which in proportion as it governs us, necessarily leads us on to a discourteous opinion and treatment of others.—I say *necessarily*,—because 'tis a natural consequence; and the progress from the one to the other is unavoidable.

This our Saviour often remarks in the character of the Pharisees:—they trusted in themselves,—'twas no wonder then they despised others.

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This, I believe, might principally relate to spiritual pride, which by the way, is the worst of all prides; and as it is a very bad species of a very bad passion, I cannot do better than conclude the discourse with some remarks upon it.

In most conceits of a religious superiority, there has usually gone hand in hand with it, another fancy, — which — I suppose has fed it; — and that is, a persuasion of some more than ordinary aids and illuminations from above. — Let us examine this matter.

That the influence and assistance of God's spirit in a way imperceptible to us, does enable us to render him an acceptable service, we learn from scripture — In what particular manner this is effected, so that the act shall still be imputed ours — the scripture says not: we know only the account is so; but as for any sensible demonstrations of its workings to be felt as such within us — the word of God is utterly silent; nor can that silence be supplied by any experience. — We have none; unless you call the false pretences to it such; — suggested by an enthusiastic or distempered fancy. As expressly as we are told and pray for the inspiration of God's spirit, — there are no boundaries fixed, nor can any be ever marked to distinguish them from the efforts and determinations of our own reason: and as firmly as most Christians believe the effects of them upon their hearts, I may venture to affirm, that since the promises were made, there never  
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was a christian of a cool head and sound judgment, that in any instance of a change of life, would presume to say, which part of his reformation was owing to divine help;—or which to the operations of his own mind; or who, upon looking back, would pretend to strike the line, and say, “here it was that my own reflections “ended;”—and at this point the suggestions of the spirit of God began to take place.

However backwards the world has been in former ages in the discovery of such points as God never meant us to know,—we have been more successful in our own days:—thousands can trace out now the impressions of this divine intercourse in themselves, from the first moment they received it, and with such distinct intelligence of it's progress and workings, as to require no evidence of it's truth.

It must be owned, that the present age has not altogether the honour of this discovery;—there were too many grounds given to improve on in the religious cant of the last century;—when the *in-comings*, *in-dwellings*, and *out-lettings* of the Spirit, were the subjects of so much edification; and, when, as they do now, the most illiterate mechanicks, who as a witty divine said of them, were much fitter to *make* a pulpit, than get into one,—were yet able so to frame their nonsense to the nonsense of the times, as to beget an opinion in their followers, not only that they pray'd and preach'd by inspira-

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tion, but that the most common actions of their lives were set about in the Spirit of the Lord.

The tenets of the quakers, a harmless quiet people, are collateral descendents from the same enthusiastic original; and their accounts and way of reasoning upon their inward light and spiritual worship, are much the same; which last they carry thus much further, as to believe the Holy Ghost comes down upon their assemblies, and *moves* them without regard to condition or sex, to make intercessions with unutterable groans.—

So that in fact, the opinions of methodists, upon which I was first entering, is but a republication with some alterations of the same extravagant conceits; and as enthusiasm generally speaks the same language in all ages, 'tis but too sadly verified in this; for though we have not yet got to the old terms of the in-comings and in-dwellings of the spirit,—yet we have arrived to the first feelings of its enterance, recorded with as particular an exactness, as an act of filiation,—so that numbers will tell you the identical place,—the day of the month, and the hour of the night, when the spirit came in upon them, and took possession of their hearts.

Now there is this inconvenience on our side, That there is no arguing with a frenzy of this kind; for unless a representation of the case, be a confutation of it's folly to them; they must for ever be led captive by a delusion, from which

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no reasoner can redeem them: for if you should enquire upon what evidence so strange a persuasion is grounded?—they will tell you, “They feel it is so.”—If you reply, That this is no conviction to you, who do not feel it like them, and therefore would wish to be satisfied by what tokens they are able to distinguish such emotions from those of fancy and complexion? they will answer, That the manner of it is incommunicable by human language,—but ’tis a matter of fact,——they feel its operations as plain and distinct, as the natural sensations of pleasure, or the pains of a disorder’d body.—And since I have mention’d a disorder’d body, I cannot help suggesting, that amongst the more serious and deluded of this sect, ’tis much to be doubted whether a disorder’d body has not oft times as great a share in letting in these conceits, as a disorder’d mind.

When a poor disconsolated drooping creature is terrified from all enjoyment,—prays without ceasing till his imagination is heated,—fasts and mortifies and mopes, till his body is in as bad a plight as his mind; is it a wonder, that the mechanical disturbances and conflicts of an empty belly, interpreted by an empty head, should be mistook for workings of a different kind from what they are,—or that in such a situation, where the mind sits upon the watch for extraordinary occurrences, and the imagination is pre-engaged on its side, is it strange if every commotion  
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should help to fix him in this malady, and make him a fitter subject for the treatment of a Physician than a Divine.

In many cases, they seem so much above the skill of either, that unless God in his mercy rebuke this lying spirit, and call it back, — it may go on and persuade millions under their destruction. —

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### S E R M O N XXV.

## *Advantages of Christianity to the World.*

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### R O M A N S. I. 22.

*Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.*

**T**H E R E is no one project to which the whole race of mankind is so universally a bubble, as to that of being thought Wise; and the affectation of it is so visible, in men of all complexions, that you every day see some one or other so very solicitous to establish the character, as not to allow himself leisure to do the things which fairly win it; — expending more art and stratagem to appear so in the eyes of the world,

world, than what would suffice to make him so in truth.

It is owing to the force of this desire, that you see in general, there is no injury touches a man so sensibly, as an insult upon his parts and capacity: tell a man of other defects, that he wants learning, industry or application;—he will hear your reproof with patience.—Nay you may go further: take him in a proper season, you may tax his morals;—you may tell him he is irregular in his conduct;—passionate or revengeful in his nature;—loose in his principles;—deliver it with the gentleness of a friend;—possibly he'll not only bear with you;—but, if ingenuous, he will thank you for your lecture and promise a reformation;—but hint,—hint but at a defect in his intellectuals;—touch but that sore place;—from that moment you are look'd upon as an enemy sent to torment him before his time, and in return may reckon upon his resentment and ill-will for ever; so that in general you will find it safer to tell a man, he is a knave than a fool;—and stand a better chance of being forgiven, for proving he has been wanting in a point of common honesty, than a point of common sense.

Strange souls that we are! as if to live well was not the greatest argument of Wisdom;—and, as if what reflected upon our morals, did not most of all reflect upon our understandings!

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This, however, is a reflection we make a shift to overlook in the heat of this pursuit; and though we all covet this great character of Wisdom, there is scarce any point wherein we betray more folly than in our judgments concerning it; rarely bringing this precious ore either to the test or the ballance; and though 'tis of the last consequence not to be deceived in it,—we generally take it upon trust,—seldom suspected the quality, but never the quantity of what has fallen to our lot. So that however inconsistent a man shall be in his opinions of this, and what absurd measures soever he takes in consequence of it, in the conduct of his life,—he still speaks comfort to his soul; and like Solomon, when he had least pretence for it,—in the midst of his nonsense will cry out and say,—*That all my wisdom remaineth with me.*

Where then is wisdom to be found? and where is the place of understanding?

The politicians of this world, *professing themselves wise*,—admit of no other claims of wisdom but the knowledge of men and business, the understanding the interests of states,—the intrigues of courts,—the finding out the passions and weaknesses of foreign ministers,—and turning them and all events to their country's glory and advantage.——

—Not so the little man of this world, who thinks the main point of wisdom, is to take care of himself;—to be wise in his generation;——

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to make use of the opportunity whilst he has it, of raising a fortune, and heraldizing a name.— Far wide is the speculative and studious man, whose office is in the clouds, from such little ideas:— wisdom dwells with him in finding out the secrets of nature;— sounding the depths of arts and sciences;— measuring the heavens; telling the number of the stars, and calling them all by their names: so that when in our busy imaginations we have built and unbuilt again *God's stories in the heavens*,— and fancy we have found out the point whereon to fix the foundations of the earth; and in the language of the book of Job, have searched out the corner stone thereof, we think our titles to wisdom built upon the same basis with those of our knowledge, and that they will continue for ever.

The mistake of these pretenders, is shewn at large by the Apostle, in the chapter from which the text is taken, — *Professing themselves Wise*, in which expression, by the way, St. Paul is thought to allude to the vanity of the Greeks and Romans, who being great encouragers of arts and learning, which they had carried to extraordinary heights, considered all other nations as *Barbarians*, in respect of themselves; and amongst whom, particularly the Greeks, the men of study, and enquiry, had assumed to themselves, with great indecorum, the title of the *Wise Men*.

With what parade and ostentation soever this was made out, it had the fate to be attended with one of the most mortifying abatements which could happen to wisdom; and that was an ignorance of those points which most concerned man to know.

This he shews from the general state of the gentile world, in the great article of their misconceptions of the Deity—and; as wrong notions produce wrong actions,—of the duties and services they owed to him, and in course of what they owed to one another.

For though, as he argues in the foregoing verses,— *The invisible things of him from the creation of the world might be clearly seen and understood, by the things that are made;*—That is though God by the clearest discovery of himself, had ever laid before mankind such evident proofs of his eternal Being,—his infinite powers and perfections,—so that what is to be known of his invisible nature, might all along be traced by the marks of his goodness,——and the visible frame and order of the world:—yet so utterly were they without excuse,—that though they knew God, and saw his image and superscription in every part of his works,— *yet they glorified him not.*—So bad a use did they make of the powers given them for this great discovery, that instead of adoring the Being thus manifested to them, in purity and truth, they fell into the most gross and absurd delusions;— *changed the*  
 VOL. IV. E *glory*

*glory of the incorruptible God, into an image made like unto corruptible men,—to birds,—to four footed beasts and creeping things;—Professing themselves to be wise,—they became fools.*—All their specious wisdom was but a more glittering kind of ignorance, and ended in the most dishonourable of all mistakes,—in setting up fictitious gods, to receive the tribute of their adoration and thanks.

The fountain of religion being thus poisoned,—no wonder the stream shewed it's effects, which are charged upon them in the following words, where he describes the heathen world *as full of all unrighteousness*,—fornication,—covetousness,—maliciousness,—full of murder,—envy,—debate,—malignity,—whisperers,—backbiters,—haters of God,—proud,—boasters,—inventors of evil things,—disobedient to parents,—without understanding, without natural affection,—implacable,—unmerciful!—God in Heaven defend us from such a catalogue!

But these disorders, if fairly considered, you'll say, have in no ages arisen so much from want of light, as a want of disposition to follow the light which God has ever imparted: that the law written in their hearts, was clear and express enough for any reasonable creatures, and would have directed them, had they not suffered their passions more forcibly to direct them otherwise: that if we are to judge from this effect, namely, the corruption of the world, the same prejudice

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will recur even against the Christian religion; since mankind have at least been as wicked in later days, as in the more remote and simple ages of the world; and that, if we may trust to facts, there are no vices which the apostle fixes upon the heathen world, before the preaching of the gospel, which may not be paralleled by as black a catalogue of vices in the Christian world since.

This necessarily brings us to an enquiry, Whether Christianity has done the world any service? — and, How far the morals of it have been made better since this system has been embraced?

In litigating this, one might oppose facts to facts to the end of the world, without coming one jot nearer the point. Let us see how far their mistakes concerning the Deity, will throw light upon the subject.

That there was one supreme Being who made this world, and who ought to be worshipped by his creatures, is the foundation of all religion, and so obvious a truth in nature, — that Reason, as the Apostle acknowledges, was always able to discover it: and yet it seems strange, that the same faculty which made the discovery, should be so little able to keep true to its own judgment, and support it long against the prejudices of wrong heads, and the propensity of weak ones, towards idolatry and a multiplicity of gods.

For want of something to have gone hand in hand with reason, and fixed the persuasion for

ever upon their minds, that there was in truth but one God, the Maker and Supporter of Heaven and Earth,—infinite in wisdom, and knowledge, and all perfections;—how soon was this simple idea lost, and mankind led to dispose of these attributes inherent in the Godhead, and divide and subdivide them again amongst deities, which their own dreams had given substance to;—his eternal power and dominion parcell'd out to gods of the land;—to gods of the sea,—to gods of the infernal region; whilst the great God of gods, and Lord of lords, who ruleth over all the kingdoms of the world,—who is so great that nought is able to controul or withstand his power, was supposed to rest contented with his allotment, and to want power to act within such parts of his empire, as they dismembered and assigned to others.

If the number of their gods and this partition of their power, would lessen the idea of their majesty, What must be the opinions of their origin? When instead of that glorious description, which Scripture gives of “The Ancient of Days who inhabiteth eternity,”—they gravely assigned particular times and places for the births and education of their gods; so that there was scarce a hamlet or even a desert in Greece or Italy, which was not rendered memorable by some favour or accident of this kind.

And what rendered such conceits the more gross and absurd,—they supposed not only that

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the gods they worshipped had a beginning, but that they were produced by fleshly parents, and accordingly, they attributed to them corporeal shapes and difference of sex: and indeed in this they were a little consistent, for their deities seemed to partake so much of the frailties to which flesh and blood is subject, that their history and their pedigree were much of a piece, and might reasonably claim each other. For they imputed to them not only the human defects of ignorance, want, fear, and the like, but the most unmanly sensualities, and what would be a reproach to human nature,—such as cruelty, adulteries, rapes, incests; and even in the accounts which we have from the sublimest of their poets,—what are they, but anecdotes of their squabbles amongst themselves,—their intrigues, their jealousies, their ungovernable transports of choler,—nay, even their thefts,—their drunkenness, and bloodshed?

Here let us stop a moment and enquire, what was Reason doing all this time, to be so miserably insulted and abused? Where held she her empire whilst her bulwarks were thus born down, and her first principles of religion and truth lay buried under them? If she was able by herself to regain the power she had lost, and put a stop to this folly and confusion,—why did she not? If she was not able to resist this torrent alone,—the point is given up—she wanted aid; and revelation has given it.

But though reason, you'll say, could not overthrow these popular mistakes,—yet it saw the folly of them, and was at all times able to disprove them.

No doubt it was; and it is certain too, that the more diligent enquirers after truth, did not in fact fall into these absurd notions, which by the way, is an observation more to our purpose than theirs, who usually make it, and shews that though their reasonings were good, that there always wanted something which they could not supply to give them such weight, as would lay an obligation upon mankind to embrace them, and make that to be a law, which otherwise was but an opinion without force.

Besides,—which is a more direct answer,—though 'tis true, the ablest men gave no credit to the multiplicity of gods,—for they had a religion for themselves, and another for the populace, yet they were guilty of what in effect was equally bad, in holding an opinion which necessarily supported these very mistakes,—namely, that as different nations had different gods, it was every man's duty, I suppose more for quietness than principle's sake, to worship the gods of his country; which by the way, considering their numbers, was not so easy a task,—for what with celestial gods, and gods aerial, terrestrial and infernal, with the goddesses, their wives and mistresses, upon the lowest computation, the heathen world acknowledged

no less than thirty thousand deities, all which claimed the rites and ceremonies of religious worship.

But, 'twill be said, allowing the bulk of mankind were under such delusions, — they were still but speculative. — What was that to their practice? however defective in their theology and more abstracted points, — their morality was no way connected with it. — There is no need, that the everlasting laws of justice and mercy should be fetched down from above, — since they can be proved from more obvious mediums; — they were as necessary for the same good purposes of society then as now; and we may presume they saw their interest and pursued it.

That the necessities of society, and the impossibilities of its subsisting otherwise, would point out the convenience, or if you will, — the duty of social virtues, is unquestionable: — but I firmly deny, that therefore religion and morality are independent of each other: they appear so far from it, that I cannot conceive how the one, in the true and meritorious sense of the duty, can act without the influence of the other: surely the most exalted motive which can only be depended upon for the uniform practice of virtue, — must come down from *above*, — from the love and imitation of the goodness of that Being in whose sight we wish to render ourselves acceptable: this will operate at all times and all places, — in the darkest closet as much

as on the greatest and most public theatres of the world.

But with different conceptions of the Deity, or such impure ones as they entertained, is it to be doubted whether in the many secret tryals of our virtue, we should not determine our cases of conscience with much the same kind of casuistry as that of the Libertine in Terence, who being engaged in a very unjustifiable pursuit, and happening to see a picture which represented a known story of Jupiter in a like transaction,—argued the matter thus within himself.—If the great Jupiter could not restrain his appetites, and deny himself an indulgence of this kind,—*ego Homuncio, hoc non facerem?* Shall I a mortal, —an inconsiderable mortal too, cloath'd with infirmities of flesh and blood, —pretend to a virtue, which the Father of gods and men could not? What insolence!

The conclusion was natural enough; and as so great a master of nature puts it into the mouth of one of his principal characters, no doubt the language was then understood; it was copied from common life, and was not the first application which had been made of the story.

It will scarce admit of a question, Whether vice would not naturally grow bold upon the credit of such an example; or whether such impressions did not influence the lives and morals of many in the heathen world; and had there been no other proof of it, but the natural tendency

dency of such notions to corrupt them; it had been sufficient reason to believe it was so.

No doubt, there is sufficient room for amendment in the christian world, and we may be said to be a very corrupt and bad generation of men, considering what motives we have from the purity of our religion, and the force of it's sanctions to make us better:—yet still I affirm, if these restraints were taken off, the world would be infinitely worse: and though some sense of morality might be preserved, as it was in the heathen world, with the more confederate of us, yet in general I am persuaded, that the bulk of mankind upon such a supposition, would soon come to *live without God in the world*, and in a short time differ from Indians themselves in little else but their complexions.

If after all, the christian religion has not left a sufficient provision against the wickedness of the world,—the short and true answer is this, That there can be none.

It is sufficient to leave us without excuse, that the excellency of this institution in its doctrine, its precepts, and its examples, has a proper tendency to make us a virtuous and a happy people;—every page is an address to our hearts to win them to these purposes;—but as religion was not intended to work upon men by force and natural necessity, but by moral persuasion, which sets good and evil before them,—so that if men have power to do the evil and chuse the good,—  
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and will abuse it,—this cannot be avoided.—Religion ever implies a freedom of choice, and all the beings in the world which have it, were created free to stand and free to fall;—and therefore men who will not be persuaded by this way of address, must expect, and be contented to be reckoned with according to the talents they have received.

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S E R M O N XXVI.

*The Abuses of Conscience, considered. (\*)*

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H E B R E W S XIII. 18.

—For we trust we have a good Conscience.—

**T**RUST!—Trust we have a good Conscience!—Surely you will say, if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving

(\*) As the following Sermon upon Abuses of Conscience, has already appeared in the body of a moral work, more read than understood, the Editor begs pardon of those who have purchased it in that shape, and in this also, for being made to pay twice actually for the same thing.

—The case is common: but it was judged that some might better like it, and others better understand it just as it was preached, than with the breaks and interruptions given

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arriving upon the most indisputable evidence, it must be this very thing,——Whether he has a good Conscience, or no.

If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger to the true state of this account;—He must be privy to his own thoughts and desires—He must remember his past pursuits, and know certainly the true springs and motives, which, in general, have govern'd the actions of his life.

In other matters we may be deceiv'd by false appearances; and, as the wise man complains, *Hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon the earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us:*—but here the mind has all the evidence and facts within herself:—is conscious of the web she has wove:—knows its texture and fineness, and the exact share which every passion has had in working upon the several designs, which virtue or vice has plann'd before her.

Now, to the sense and argument as it stands there offered to the world.

It was an Assize Sermon, preached in the Cathedral Church at York, and wrote by the same hand with the others in these four volumes, and as they are probably the last, except the sweepings of the Author's study after his death, that will be published, it was thought fit to add it to the collection,——where moreover it stands a chance of being read by many grave people with a much safer conscience.

All the Editor wishes, is, That this may not after all, be one of those many abuses of it set forth in what he is now going to read.

Now, — as Conscience is nothing else but the knowledge which the mind has within itself of this; and the judgment, either of approbation or censure, which it unavoidably makes upon the successive actions of our lives, — 'tis plain, you will say, from the very terms of the proposition, whenever this inward testimony goes against a man, and he stands self-accused, — that he must necessarily be a *guilty man*. And, on the contrary, when the report is favourable on his side, and his heart condemns him not, — that it is not a matter of *trust*, as the Apostle intimates, but a matter of certainty and fact, that the *Conscience is good*, and that the *man* must be *good* also.

At first sight, this may seem to be a true state of the case; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of right and wrong is so truly impress'd upon the mind of man; that, did no such thing ever happen, as that the conscience of a man, by long habits of sin, might, as the Scripture assures us, it may, insensibly become hard; and, like some tender parts of his body, by much stress, and continual hard usage, lose, by degrees, that nice sense and perception with which God and nature endowed it: — Did this never happen: — or was it certain that self-love could never hang the least bias upon the judgment: — or that the little interests below could rise up and perplex the faculties of our upper regions, and encompass them about with clouds and thick darkness: — could

—could no such thing as favour and affection enter this sacred court:—did Wit disdain to take a bribe in it, or was ashamed to shew its face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoyment:—or, lastly, were we assured that INTEREST stood always unconcern'd whilst the cause was hearing,—and that PASSION never got into the judgment seat, and pronounced sentence in the stead of reason, which is supposed always to preside and determine upon the case:—was this truly so, as the objection must suppose, no doubt, then, the religious and moral state of a man would be exactly what he himself esteemed it; and the guilt or innocence of every man's life could be known, in general, by no better measure, than the degrees of his own approbation or censure.

I own, in one case, whenever a man's Conscience does accuse him, as it seldom errs on that side, that he is guilty; and, unless in melancholy and hypochondriac cases, we may safely pronounce that there is always sufficient grounds for the accusation.

But, the converse of the proposition will not hold true,—namely, That wherever there is guilt, the Conscience must accuse; and, if it does not, that a man is therefore innocent—This is not fact:—so that the common consolation which some good christian or other is hourly admixing to himself,—That he thanks God, his mind does not misgive him; and that, consequently,

quently, he has a good Conscience, because he has a quiet one—As current as the inference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at first sight, yet, when you look nearer to it, and try the truth of this rule upon plain facts, you find it liable to so much error, from a false application of it:—the principle on which it goes so often perverted:—the whole force of it lost, and sometimes so vilely cast away, that it is painful to produce the common examples from human life, which confirm this account.

A man shall be vicious and utterly debauched in his principles; exceptionable in his conduct to the world: shall live shameless,—in the open commission of a sin which no reason or pretence can justify;—a sin, by which, contrary to all the workings of humanity within, he shall ruin for ever the deluded partner of his guilt;—rob her of her best dowry;—and not only cover her own head with dishonour, but involve a whole virtuous family in shame and sorrow for her sake. Surely,—you'll think, conscience must lead such a man a troublesome life:—he can have no rest night or day from its reproaches.

Alas! Conscience had something else to do all this time than break in upon him: as *Elijah* reproached the god *Baal*, this *domestic God*, was either *talking, or pursuing, or was in a journey, or, peradventure, he slept and could not be awoke.* Perhaps he was gone out in company, with H O N O U R, to fight a duel;—to pay off  
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some debt at play ;—or dirty annuity the bargain of his lust.—Perhaps, Conscience all this time was engaged at home, talking aloud against petty larceny, and executing vengeance upon some such puny crimes as his fortune and rank, in life, secured him against all temptation of committing :—so that he lives as merrily,—— sleeps as soundly in his bed ;—and, at the last, meets death with as much unconcern,—perhaps, much more so than a much better man.

Another is sordid, unmerciful ;—— a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendships, or publick spirit.—Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distress ; and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer.—Shall not Conscience rise up and sting him on such occasions ? No.—Thank God, there is no occasion. “ I pay every man his own,—— I have no fornication to answer to my Conscience, no faithless vows or promises to make up, I have debauch’d no man’s wife or child.—Thank God I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as this libertine who stands before me.”

A third is crafty and designing in his nature.—View his whole life ;—’tis nothing else but a cunning contexture of dark arts and unequitable subterfuges basely to defeat the true intent of all laws, plain dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several properties—You will see such a one, working out a frame of little designs upon the  
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ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy man:— Shall raise a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth,—or the unsuspecting temper of his friend, who would have trusted him with his life. When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to look back upon this black account, and state it over again with his Conscience—Conscience looks into the *Statutes at Large*,—finds perhaps no *express law* broken by what he has done;—perceives no penalty or forfeiture incurr'd;—sees no scourge waving over his head,—or prison opening its gate upon him.—What is there to affright his Conscience?—Conscience has got safely entrench'd behind the letter of the law, sits there invulnerable, fortified with *cases* and *reports* so strongly on all sides,—that 'tis not preaching can dispossess it of its hold.

Another shall want even this refuge,—shall break through all this ceremony of flow chicane; scorn the doubtful workings of secret plots and cautious trains to bring about his purpose.—See the bare-fac'd villain how he cheats, lyes, perjures, robs, murders,—horrid! But indeed much better was not to be expected in this case.—The poor man was in the dark!—His priest had got the keeping of his Conscience,—and all he had let him know of it was, That he must believe in the *Pope*;—go to mass;—cross himself;—tell his beads;—be a good Catholic; and that this in all conscience was enough to carry him

him to heaven. What?—if he perjures?—Why, —he had a mental reservation in it. But if he is so wicked and abandoned a wretch as you represent him, —If he robs, or murders, will not Conscience on every such act, receive a wound itself?—Ay—But the man has carried it to confession, the wound digests there, and will do well enough, —and in a short time be quite healed up by absolution.

*O Popery!* What hast thou to answer for?—when not content with the too many natural and fatal ways through which the heart is every day thus treacherous to itself above all things,—thou hast wilfully set open this wide gate of deceit before the face of this unwary *Traveller*, —too apt, God knows, to go astray of himself,—and confidently speak peace to his soul, when there is no peace.

Of this the common instances, which I have drawn out of life, are too notorious to require much evidence. If any man doubts the reality of them, or thinks it impossible for man to be such a bubble to himself,—I must refer him a moment to his reflections, and shall then venture to trust the appeal with his own heart. Let him consider in how different a degree of detestation, numbers of wicked actions stand *there*, though equally bad and vicious in their own natures—he will soon find that such of them as strong inclination or custom have prompted him to commit, are generally dress'd out and painted with

all the false beauties which a soft and a flattering hand can give them; and that the others to which he feels no propensity, appear, at once, naked and deformed, surrounded with all the true circumstances of folly and dishonour.

When David surprized Saul sleeping in the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe, — we read, his heart smote him for what he had done. — But, in the matter of Uriah, where a faithful and gallant servant, whom he ought to have lov'd and honour'd, fell to make way for his lust; where *Conscience* had so much greater reason to take the alarm, — his heart smote him not. — A whole year had almost passed from the first commission of that crime — to the time Nathan was sent to reprove him; and we read not once of the least sorrow or compunction of heart, which he testified during all that time, for what he had done.

Thus Conscience, this once able monitor, — placed on high as a judge within us, — and intended, by our Maker, as a just and equitable one too, — by an unhappy train of causes and impediments, — takes often such imperfect cognizance of what passes, — does its office so negligently, — sometimes so corruptly, that it is not to be trusted alone: and therefore, we find, there is a necessity, an absolute necessity, of joining another principle with it, to aid, if not govern, its determinations.

So that if you would form a just judgment of what is of infinite importance to you not to be misled in; namely, in what degree of real merit you stand, either as an honest man,—an useful citizen,—a faithful subject to your king,—or a good servant to your God—call in RELIGION and MORALITY.—Look—What is written in the law of God?—How readeſt thou?—Consult calm reason, and the unchangeable obligations of justice and truth,—What ſay they?

Let Conſcience determine the matter upon theſe reports,—and then, if *thy heart condemn thee not*,—which is the caſe the Apoſtle ſuppoſes,—the rule will be infallible,—*Thou wilt have confidence towards God*;—that is, have juſt grounds to believe the judgment thou haſt paſt upon thyſelf, *is* the judgment of God; and nothing elſe but an anticipation of that righteous ſentence, which will be pronounced, hereafter, upon thee by that BEING, before whom thou art finally to give an account of thy actions.

*Bleſſed is the man*, indeed then, as the Author of the book of *Eccleſiaſticus* expreſſes it, *Who is not pricked with the multitude of his ſins.—Bleſſed is the man whoſe heart hath not condemned him, and who is not fallen from his hope in the Lord. Whether he be rich, continues he, or whether he be poor,—if he have a good heart, a heart thus guided and inform'd,—He ſhall at all times rejoice in a chearful*

*countenance.*—His mind shall tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above upon a tower on high. In the darkest doubts it shall conduct him safer than a thousand Casuists, and give the state he lives in a better security for his behaviour, than all the clauses and restrictions put together, which the wisdom of the legislature is forced to multiply,—forced, I say, as things stand; human laws being not a matter of original choice, but of pure necessity, brought in to fence against the mischievous effects of those Consciences which are no law unto themselves: wisely intending by the many provisions made, That in all such corrupt or misguided cases, where principle and the checks of Conscience will not make us upright,—to supply their force, and by the terrors of jails and halters oblige us to it.

To have the fear of God before our eyes; and, in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal measures of right and wrong:—the first of these will comprehend the duties of religion: the second those of morality; which are so inseparably connected together, that you cannot divide these two *Tables*, even in imagination, though the attempt is often made in practice, without breaking and mutually destroying them both.

I said the attempt is often made;—and so it is;—there being nothing more common than to see a man, who has no sense at all of religion,—

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and indeed has *so much* of honesty, as to pretend to none; who would yet take it as the bitterest affront, should you but hint at a suspicion of his moral character,—or imagine he was not conscientiously just, and scrupulous to the uttermost mite.

When there is some appearance that it is so,—though one is not willing even to suspect the appearance of so great a virtue, as moral honesty;—yet were we to look into the grounds of it in the present case, I am persuaded we should find little reason to envy such a man the honour of his motive.

Let him declaim as pompously as he can on the subject, it will be found at last to rest upon no better foundation than either his interest, his pride, his ease; or some such little and changeable passion, as will give us but small dependence upon his actions in matters of great stress.

Give me leave to illustrate this by an example.

I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I usually call in, to be neither of them men of much religion: I hear them make a jest of it every day, and treat all its sanctions with so much scorn and contempt, as to put the matter past doubt. Well,—notwithstanding this I put my fortune into the hands of the one,—and, what is dearer still to me, I trust my life to the honest skill of the other.—Now let me examine what is my reason for this great confidence.—Why,—in the first place, I believe, that there is

no probability that either of them will employ the power, I put into their hands, to my disadvantage. I consider that honesty serves the purposes of this life.—I know their success in the world depends upon the fairness of their character;—that they cannot hurt me without hurting themselves more.

But put it otherwise, namely, that interest lay for once on the other side.—That a case should happen wherein the one, without stain to his reputation, could secrete my fortune, and leave me naked in the world;—or that the other could send me out of it, and enjoy an estate by my death, without dishonour to himself or his art.—In this case what hold have I of either of them?—Religion, the strongest of all motives, is out of the question.—Interest, the next most powerful motive in this world, is strongly against me.—I have nothing left to cast into the scale to ballance this temptation.—I must lay at the mercy of honour,—or some such capricious principle.—Strait security! for two of my best and most valuable blessings,—my property and my life!

As therefore we can have no dependence upon morality without religion;—so, on the other hand, there is nothing better to be expected from religion without morality; nor can any man be suppos'd to discharge his duties to God, whatever fair appearances he may hang out, that he does so, if he does not pay as conscientious a regard to the duties, which he owes his fellow creature.

This is a point capable in itself of strict demonstration.—Nevertheless, 'tis no rarity to see a man whose real moral merit stands very low, who yet entertains the highest notion of himself, in the light of a devout and religious man. He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable,—but even wanting in points of common honesty.—Yet because he talks loud against the infidelity of the age,—is zealous for some points of religion,—goes twice a day to church, attends the sacraments,—and amuses himself with a few instrumental duties of religion,—shall cheat his conscience into a judgment that for this he is a religious man, and has discharged faithfully his duty to God: and you will find, that such a man, through force of this delusion, generally looks down with spiritual pride upon every other man who has less affectation of piety, though, perhaps, ten times more moral honesty than himself.

*This is likewise a sore evil under the sun;* and I believe there is no one mistaken principle which, for its time, has wrought more serious mischiefs. For a general proof of this, examine the history of the *Romish* church.—See what scenes of cruelty, murders, rapines, bloodshed, have all been sanctified by a religion not strictly governed by morality.

In how many kingdoms of the world, has the crusading sword of this misguided Saint-Errant spared neither age, or merit, or sex, or condi-

tion.—And, as he fought under the banners of a religion, which set him loose from justice and humanity,——he shewed none,——mercilessly trampled upon both, heard neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their distresses.

If the testimony of past centuries in this matter is not sufficient,——consider at this instant, how the votaries of that religion are every day thinking to do service and honour to God, by actions which are a dishonour and scandal to themselves.

To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment into the prisons of the inquisition.——Behold *religion* with mercy and justice chain'd down under her feet,——there sitting ghastly up on a black tribunal, propp'd up with racks and instruments of torment.—Hark!—What a piteous groan!—See the melancholy wretch, who utter'd it, just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock-trial, and endure the utmost pains that a studied system of *religious cruelty* has been able to invent. Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors. His body so wasted with sorrow and long confinement, you'll see every nerve and muscle as it suffers.—Observe the last movement of that horrid engine.—What convulsions it has thrown him into.—Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretch'd.—What exquisite torture he endures by it.—'Tis all nature can bear.—Good God! See how it keeps his weary soul hanging

hanging upon his trembling lips, willing to take its leave,—but not suffer'd to depart. Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell,—dragg'd out of it again to meet the flames,—and the insults in his last agonies, which this principle—this principle that there *can* be religion without morality, has prepared for him.

The surest way to try the merit of any disputed notion,——is to trace down the consequences such a notion has produced, and compare them with the *spirit* of christianity.—'Tis the short and decisive rule, which our Saviour has left for these and such like cases,—and is worth a thousand arguments.—*By their fruits*, says he, *ye shall know them*.

Thus religion and morality, like fast friends and natural allies, can never be set at variance, without the mutual ruin and dishonour of them both;—and whoever goes about this unfriendly office, is no well-wisher to either,—and whatever he pretends, he deceives his own heart, and, I fear, his morality as well as his religion will be vain.

I will add no farther to the length of this discourse, than by two or three short and independent Rules, deducible from what has been said.

1<sup>st</sup>. Whenever a man talks loudly against religion, always suspect that it is not his reason but his passions which have got the better of his creed.—A *bad life* and a *good belief* are disagreeable

agreeable and troublesome neighbours, and where they separate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other cause but quietness sake.

2dly. When a man thus represented, tells you in any particular instance, that such a thing goes *against* his conscience, — always believe he means exactly the same thing as when he tells you such a thing goes against his stomach, — a present want of appetite being generally the true cause of both.

In a word, — trust that man in nothing, — who has not a conscience in every thing.

And in your own case remember this plain distinction, a mistake in which, has ruin'd thousands. — That your conscience is not a law; — no, — God and reason made the law, and has placed Conscience within you to determine, — not like an *Asiatic Cadi*, according to the ebbs and flows of his own passions; — but like a *British judge* in this land of liberty, who makes no new law, — but faithfully declares that glorious law which he finds already written.